

Friction by Carerra_os

Series: [Stommy Tumblr Stories \[4\]](#)

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Awkward Boners, Frottage, M/M, Wrestling

Language: English

Characters: Steve Harrington, Tommy Hagan

Relationships: Tommy Hagan/Steve Harrington

Status: Completed

Published: 2021-03-30

Updated: 2021-03-30

Packaged: 2022-04-01 02:13:34

Rating: Explicit

Warnings: No Archive Warnings Apply

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,648

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

Joining the wrestling team brings some things to light for Steve and Tommy.

-

“Nothing to be ashamed about, happens pretty often, surprised this is the first time this semester. Friction makes a lot of boners pop.” The coach reassures a few of their senior members nodding their heads along in agreement.

Friction

Friction

Tommy and Steve join the wrestling team during the off season for basketball, just something to do to help keep them in shape. Their basketball coach practically requires it of any of the team not already doing a sport during the off season. There are a lot of things about it that are different from basketball, the form fitting singlet for one, required attire during practice but mostly all the required touching is new.

It is so much more hands on then basketball and both of them are always a little flushed when they get paired to spar with each other. Neither one really gets why the excitement coursing through their veins is so much higher when they hit the mat together. Grappling in a way that has their dicks twitching having to think of unattractive thoughts to keep their dicks from hardening.

They try really hard not to think about it, especially try not to think about how when they are grappling with someone else from the team they do not have a reaction. Their dicks do not twitch and leak, do not threaten to tent their singlet, their minds do not wander to other places their hands could be. When Tommy and Steve do not hit the mat together they are solely focused on the competition not on the heat in their bellies.

The coach pairs them together a lot though and today just like many others they end up on the mat together. It starts out simply enough, both of them making eye contact across the mat, pulses racing, sweat pricking even before the coach blows the whistles and they are on each other trying to pin one another.

Tommy manages to get the upper hand, manages to get on to Steve's back, bracketing him, tiptoes digging into the mat as he tries to use

his weight to force him down. Tommy gets distracted with his face so close to Steve's neck, sweat pooling up between them, heady. Forgets himself further as he tries pushing Steve down harder and his hips go flush with Steve's ass, dick reacting to the press.

Steve tries to ignore the way Tommy on top of him like this, weight pressing him down makes his dick excited. It makes his mind wander, hardly focused on keeping his chin off the mat with the feel of Tommy behind him. Steve freezes, limbs going tight as he feels Tommy harden against his ass, his own dick responding in kind no longer just kicking in interest.

Someone calls his name and he looks up at the coach wide eyed but Tommy with his eyes closed, unaware of their surroundings chooses that moment to thrust his hips. The thin clinging material practically lets Tommy fuck his crack and Steve's mouth drops open in a sudden shocked moan, skin going cherry. The coach goes just as red, blowing his whistle and suddenly Steve's back is cold as Tommy scrambles back mortified.

"Nothing to be ashamed about, happens pretty often, surprised this is the first time this semester. Friction makes a lot of boners pop." The coach reassures a few of their senior members nodding their heads along in agreement.

The coach shoots a glare at the few new members snickering amongst themselves and they quickly fall silent looking guilty. "You two hit the showers and cool off." He says before turning back to their teammates with a lecture.

Tommy scrambles up as the coach makes threats at their teammates and Steve's lack of movements has him dragging him up too, when Steve shows no sign of moving Tommy drags him off to the locker room. Tommy pushes Steve into the showers, directly under a shower head and turns the water on to get him back to the here and now, grinning as Steve splutters. "Back with me Stevie?"

“Yeah asshole.” Steve hisses quickly stripping out of his uniform to take a proper shower, Tommy’s eyes lingering as his singlet makes a wet slap against the tiles. Tommy has an uncomfortable pit in his stomach as Steve goes back to quiet, his back to Tommy as he goes through the motions of showering. Tommy barely resists watching him the whole time instead forcing his eyes to his own body as he cleans himself up, dick still half hard, flagging in mortification when the coach had broken through his little haze.

“What if it wasn’t?” Steve asks so quietly Tommy almost does not hear him over the spray of the showers.

“What wasn’t?” Tommy asks, staring at Steve’s back, eyes tracking the water sliding, down, down, down over the curve of Steve’s ass.

“What if it wasn’t just because of friction.” Tommy’s blood is pumping in his ears, that pit in his stomach turning into liquid heat.

“We could, we could go back to your place and try some more friction to see for ourselves.” Tommy’s head is screaming ‘ *say yes, say yes, please say yes.* ’

“Yeah, I uh, I like that plan.” Steve's voice is a little stronger as he turns and shoots a little hesitant smile at Tommy over his shoulder. Tommy knows it is more than friction because his dick gives another kick at just the sight of that smile.

-

There is a tension when they get to Steve’s place and excitement, the two nervous around one another in a way they usually are not. “What should we...” Steve lets himself trail off, bottom lip caught between his teeth once the two of them are settled on the couch a whole cushion between them, far more distance than either of them actually wants. Tommy’s palms are slick as he moves closer, whipping them

on the upholstery of the couch cushion between them before getting his hands on Steve.

“This okay Stevie?” Tommy asks as he drags Steve along the couch until he is laid out, Tommy kneeling between his long legs, he knows he was only able to because Steve allowed it but he still wants to double check that this is okay.

Steve nods before licking over his lips and adding a little “Yeah, yeah” cheeks going ruddy again, going an even deeper shade of red as Tommy leans over him, arms on either side of his head boxing him in, not touching not yet, anticipation between them thick.

“Tell me if you change your mind” Tommy says his own cheeks just as flushed as he lets his body drop down that last little bit, lets his body cover Steve’s, their hips coming together. Tommy dick is has been half hard this whole time, never flagging with the anticipation of this moment and he is elated upon shifting just a bit to find Steve in a similar state, just as turned on, just as excited “Still think it’s just the friction?”

“Maybe, maybe we should try a little more.” Steve gets out tone shifting to lilting when Tommy rolls his hips before the words have finished coming out. Tommy pants, Steve’s hands coming up curling around his neck, as their foreheads meet, panting into each other’s mouths as Tommy gets a grip on Steve’s hips, rutting them harder together. “To-tommy” Steve cries out dick fully hard and leaking inside his underwear, it has never felt like this before, he has rutted up against girls before, dry humped with plenty of them, done a lot more than that but the heat creeping over him, pooling in his belly is so much more intense now.

“Yeah Stevie, fuck, feel good.” Tommy groans, hands tight on Steve’s hips and it thrills him to think about leaving marks on Steve, he is an easy bruiser, skin always coloring from the slightest of bumps.

Tommy shifts his face away from Steve's panting mouth, pressing his lips against the skin of his cheek and trailing lower, thinking about leaving marks with more than just his fingers. Something tight and possessive curls in him at the thought of it, of leaving a mark where everyone will see, will know that Steve has been with someone and sure they will not know it was Tommy, but he will, he will know Steve is wearing his mark. Tommy has never actually been a fan of leaving hickeys, of marking up skin in a way that lasts but his dick is leaking like a faucet as he sucks at Steve's neck, working the flesh to tender.

Steve makes a noise in the back of his throat at the feel of teeth worrying his skin that he is going to be self-conscious about later but right now it barely registers as he plants his feet and rutts up against Tommy seeking more. They do not last long, young and already worked up from practice, when Tommy pulls back just a little and sees his mark stark against Steve's pale skin, he is cumming, hands going even tighter on Steve as he spills inside of his pants.

Steve keeps rolling his hips up into Tommy's, cum seeping from Tommy's sweats into his, he is close, so close he just needs a little more. It is Tommy catching his mouth, their lips brushing for the first time that has him spilling in his own underwear, Tommy swallowing the kneeling sound he makes.

"I think it's more than just the friction." Steve pants out once their mouths are parted and he sucks in some fresh air, brain a little floaty as Tommy keeps kissing him, trails over his cheeks again going back for his neck.

"Think we should give it another go, just to be sure." Tommy, says before working another mark into Steve's skin, delighted by the sound it draws as Steve clings to him.

"Yeah, maybe a few times." Steve pants out, dick already rising again as he butts his nose against Tommy's hair until he gets the picture and they are kissing again.

Author's Note:

<https://ghostofjellyfishforgotten.tumblr.com/>